

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

EDGAR.

CHARLES BRUNVILLE, at the early age of two-and-twenty, obtained a commission in the guards, and being liberally supplied by his friends, who were of the first respectability, was enabled to appear in every respect as a man of fashion: yet, gifted as he was by nature and fortune, his affections were of a more humble nature than accorded with the proud views of his family.

Angelina, the daughter of an aged veteran, whom misfortune had reduced to a state of indigence, was the object of his most ardent love, and she returned his honourable and disinterested passion with the warmth of uncontaminated innocence. The opposition which his father made to his union with Angelina, though it did not alter his determination, in some degree restrained him; and, in the life-time of Cleveland, he forebore to act in open defiance of their authority. His death, however, throwing her entirely upon him for protection, induced him to sacrifice every consideration to preserve the woman he adored; and he prevailed upon Angelina to accept his hand, and introduced her to his family, as one he was determined to protect from injury or insult at the hazard of his life and fortune. Exasperated by his declaration, Mr. Brunville instantly forbade him the house, and cut him off entirely from any claim upon the estate, as a punishment deservedly incurred by his disobedience.

Young and sanguine in his expectations, the pecuniary loss affected Captain Brunville but little, and the strength of his love for a woman, so undeservedly despised, rather increased than abated. For a short time they subsisted in a state of genteel affluence on his pay; but a love of dissipation, which he never had prudence to restrain, and an increase of family, involved them in the greatest embarrassments; and, as there are numerous temptations and re-

sources in London, Brunville was not long a novice in the ways of the world. The gambling-tables were repeatedly visited, nor was he roused from his delusion till he found himself the dupe of villany; he returned, pillaged and involved, to his family—his father would not advance him a shilling to save him from perpetual imprisonment, and his children wanted the necessaries of life.—To one gentleman he owed two thousand pounds; he was importunate for payment, and Brunville could not raise a twentieth of the sum.

"Will you," cried he, almost distracted, "dearest Angelina, go to Mr. Barfleur!—inexorable as he is, he will surely be moved by the sight of such virtue in distress. Take our beauteous little innocents—they will plead to his heart!—Excellent girl, forgive this request, dictated by necessity." Angelina paused a moment—tears filled her eyes—the struggle of her feelings was hard; but affection for her husband overcame the timidity of her nature, and throwing her arms around him, she cried:—"Have I not been the cause of all your sufferings? Has not your fatal attachment to me reduced you to this? And shall I refuse to save you if in my power, from a noisome dungeon! Oh! let me go immediately, my dear Charles."

As a great deal depends upon a first appearance, Angelina exhibited her children in the most attractive yet simple garb, and hastened with them to the house of Mr. Barfleur. She was admitted immediately, and had every reason to fear, from the sternness of his features, a rejection of her petition. Kneeling, with upraised hands and supplicating looks, she implored his compassion; while she was supported on one side by a graceful boy, whose eyes were raised with the most expressive earnestness to the furrowed face of Mr. Barfleur, as his arm fondly encircled the neck of his mother; and a lovely little girl, about six years old, hid her face with her hand, and wept in sympathy. Mr. Barfleur was inconceivably affected, and raising her kindly, assured her that, though he would never forgive the least appearance of imposition, he was so well convinced of her sincerity, he would do all

in his power to serve Captain Brunville and her.

He was as good as his word: the bond was cancelled; the children placed, at his expense, in reputable schools; and an annual stipend settled on Brunville, till he could, by economy, retrieve his affairs. A few years rendered his generosity to the captain useless; he fell in a desperate engagement, and Mrs. Brunville never recovering the shock of his death, followed him to the grave in a few months. Still extending his benevolence to the orphan children, he placed Charles in the army; and finding Angelina daily acquiring fresh beauties, his heart expanded to her with a warmth of sentiment he had scarcely ever felt before. Attached to him by gratitude, the artless caresses of Angelina augmented his passion; and he determined, in defiance of the world's censure, to make her his wife.

Angelina had scarcely seen any other man in her life; certainly loved none so well; and considering the nature of the engagement, or the disparity of their years, consented without the smallest reluctance, as the most effectual method of ensuring his perpetual protection for herself and brother, whose return now was hourly expected from a foreign expedition, when the ceremony was immediately to take place. The wished-for period arrived—Charles rushed into the arms of an affectionate sister—a kind benefactor. With him he brought a youth; introduced to their notice as one who, at the risk of his own life, had been the preserver of his, in an enterprise of imminent danger. The modest and pensive looks of the young stranger spoke strongly in his favour; and upon being questioned by Mr. Barfleur respecting his name and family, he replied, with an air of distress and humility—"Excuse me, Sir, on a subject that gives me the most poignant grief. I knew but one parent: she fell the victim of parental cruelty and base seduction; yet her virtues were such as reflect shame on her persecutors; and I live to lament her misfortunes, and revenge her wrongs!"

As his fine countenance was agitated by contending passion, Angelina surveyed him with mixed surprise and admiration, and, for the first time, wished her destined husband otherwise than he really was. Barfleur watched her with looks of mistrust, and trembled for his own success, when contrasted, as he now was, with youth and beauty. Charles finding he had done wrong in introducing a stranger, apologized with the most respectful timidity; and as Barfleur could do no less than give him a courteous reception, a short time removed all appearance of restraint. Charles expressed the most unfeigned astonishment at the proposed arrangement, yet it was unmixed with dis-

satisfaction; and Angelina sighed as her lips moved in confirmation of the intelligence.

The young stranger gazed attentively at the whole party, and again relapsed into a state of dejection. In a few days every thing was prepared for the nuptials; and as the hour approached, the heart of Angelina sunk with reluctance. A heavy gloom sate on the brow of Charles, and a tear fell upon the hand of his sister as he raised it to his lips to congratulate her on her approaching happiness. On the morning appointed for the ceremony, the stranger was no where to be found; but in the dressing-room was the following note addressed to Charles Brunville:—

"An unhappy passion, which not even the utmost exertion of my reason can restrain, has occasioned me to act in this mysterious manner. The partiality which your friendship has procured me from your lovely sister, may, in time, be productive of fatal consequences; and as I dare not attempt to injure the benefactor of one I so much esteem, I must tear myself for ever from an object so attractive as Angelina. To hear of her welfare is all the consolation I dare hope for; and my most fervent prayers shall be offered up for her happiness. EDGAR."

Charles instantly put this note into his patron's hand, and watched his eyes with the most eager attention. Barfleur read invisible agitation: his hand shook, and tears filled his eyes. "Tell me, candidly, Charles," cried he, "do you imagine Angelina has a partiality for this youth? Remember, I question you upon your honour!" Charles trembling replied—"I dare not deceive you, Sir—I suspect she has." Barfleur struck his forehead in doubt and uneasiness—"I see my error," cried he, "and am deservedly punished; but suffer what I may, I will act in an honourable manner—I swore to be the friend of your mother, of her children; and I will prove so—not by binding an innocent lovely girl in the bonds of misery! but, by making two worthy hearts happy, deserve happiness myself. You, Charles, I suppose, know where your friend is to be found. Recall him; and if I find, upon further investigation, that he is worthy of my Angelina, she shall be all his own."

Penetrated with joy, Charles blessed his benefactor with undissembled sincerity, and instantly wrote to Edgar, who had joined his company, to return, as the leave of absence granted them was not yet expired; acquainting him with the whole transaction. Edgar returned immediately; and after paying his acknowledgments was closeted with Mr. Barfleur. When they returned, a gleam of the most heartfelt pleasure shone on all his features, and, presenting him to

Angelina, he said, "Heaven, my dear children, never fails to reward a benevolent action. By designing good to others, I have derived myself a most essential benefit. I blush, even at this advanced age, to recall to mind the follies of my youth. Edgar is my son!—By me was his mother seduced and abandoned; yet I have since suffered the deepest anguish. My child shall now be rewarded for the injury I did his mother; and Angelina shall no longer be constrained to me as a husband, but pay me, voluntarily, the love of an affectionate and dutiful child."

The exultation of conscious virtue sparkled in his eyes, as his children knelt round him; and, extending his hands with a paternal benediction, he exclaimed, "Would I change this blissful moment for what a selfish gratification founded on the misery of another, could produce? No, no!—Happiness is only to be found in dispensing it to others; and I now feel that, however passion or prejudice may delude us, the benefits we confer on others are reflected tenfold on ourselves by the blessing of a peaceful conscience."

A short time after Edgar's union with this amiable woman, Mr. Barileur waited on her grandfather; and, after informing him of every event, prevailed on him to see the children of his unfortunate son.—Pride, operating as powerfully as affection, induced him to comply; and their engaging manners soon so effectually removed every unfavourable impression, that, at his death, they became sole possessors of his immense fortune.

THE THREE BEGGARS.

THREE blind beggars were on their way from Compiègne, to seek alms in the neighbourhood. They kept the high road to Senlis, and walked at a great pace, each holding a cup and stick in his hand. A young ecclesiastic, well mounted, who was riding towards Compiègne, and attended by a valet on horse back, was struck at a distance with their steady and rapid strides. "Those fellows," said he, "for men who appear blind, make very firm steps; I'll endeavour to find them out, and see if they are not impostors."

Accordingly, as he came near them, and as the beggars, hearing the trampling of the horses' feet had ranged themselves in a line to ask for charity, he called to them, and pretending to give them some money, but in reality giving them nothing, said:—"There is a besant; it is intended for you all three; and you will divide it between you." "Yes, your reverence; and may God bless you in return for it!" Although no one of them received the money, yet each was confident his comrade had got it. Thus, after many thanks and good wishes to the horseman,

they resumed their march, full of spirits, but at the same time slackening their pace. The churchman feigned also to proceed on his journey: but at some distance he alighted, and delivering his horse to the care of his valet, directed him to wait his arrival at the gate of Compiègne; he then gently approached the beggars, and followed them, to watch the issue of the adventure.

When they no longer heard the noise of horses, the leader of this little band halted. "Comrades," said he, "we have made a good day's work, and I think we had best return to Compiègne, and spend the money this good christian hath given us. It is a long time since we have had a carousal; and now we have enough to enjoy ourselves completely, let us think of nothing but pleasure."

On their arrival in town, they heard a cry of "Good wine!—wine of Soissons!—wine of Auxerre!—fish and good fare!—walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in." They would not go any farther, but entered the first house; and after having cautioned the people not to judge of their means by their outward appearance, (in the tone of men who derive confidence from the weight of their purse) they desired that they might be served quickly and well. Nicholas, the landlord, being used sometimes to see persons of their vocation spend more than such as appear in affluent circumstances, received them respectfully. He showed them into his best dining room, begged they would be seated, and order what they liked best, assuring them that there was nothing in Compiègne but what he could set before them, and what would, he hoped, give them satisfaction. They desired that plenty of good things might be got ready; and, instantly, master, waiter, maid, and all in the house set about it. A neighbour was even sent for to assist.

At length, by virtue of several hands and good speed, they contrived to serve up a good dinner of five dishes; and the beggars sat down to it laughing, singing, drinking to each other, and diverting themselves with clumsy jokes on the simple traveller who was at the expense of the feast. He had followed them with his valet to the inn, and was within hearing of their merriment.—He even resolved, that he might not lose any part of it, to dine and sup in a snug manner with the landlord, while the beggars occupied the best room, and were waited on like noblemen. The mirth was thus prolonged till the night was pretty far advanced, when, to make a suitable close to so jovial a day, they each called for a bed, and went to rest.

The next morning the landlord, who wanted to get rid of them, sent his servant to call them up. When they were come down stairs, he made out their bill, which amounted to ten-pence. That was the moment the

mischievous churchman so impatiently expected. To enjoy the transaction more at his ease, he came and posted himself in a corner of the room. "Master," says the blindmen to the landlord, "we have a besant; take your account and give us our change." He holds out his hand to receive it; and, as no one offers it him, he asks them again, when each says, "It is not I."

The landlord then gets into a passion.—"So, gentlemen vagrants, you think I am to serve here as a butt for your diversion. Be so good as to end all this mockery, and pay me immediately my ten-pence, otherwise I'll give you all three a drubbing." They then began to inquire of each other for the piece of money—to suspect each other's honesty—to call names—to quarrel; till at length such an uproar and confusion ensued, that the landlord, after giving each of them a box on the ear, called his servant to come down with two good sticks.

The ecclesiastic all this while kept laughing in his hiding-place, till he was ready to fall into convulsions. But when he found the affair was becoming serious, and heard them talk of sticks, he came forward, and, with an air of surprise, asked the cause of the quarrel. "Sir, here are three knaves who came yesterday to consume my provisions; and now I ask them for my due, they have the insolence to mock me. But, by all that's sacred they shall not get off in that manner, and before they go out——"

"Softly, softly, master Nicholas," said the churchman, "these poor men have not where-withal to pay you; and, in that case, they deserve rather your pity than your resentment. How much does their bill amount to? Ten-pence." "What! is it for so paltry a sum that you raise all this disturbance? Come, make yourself easy; I will take it upon myself. And, for my part, what am I to pay you?" "Five-pence, Sir." "That's enough. I shall pay you fifteen-pence; now let these unfortunate men go; and know that to harass the poor is a sin of the first magnitude."

The blind men, who were terrified at the apprehension of the bastinado, made their escape with all possible haste; while Nicholas, who had reckoned on losing his ten-pence, (being delighted to find a person to pay it,) launched out into the most flattering encomiums on the churchman. "What a good man!" cried he; "that is the kind of priest we should have, and then they would be respected. But, unfortunately, there are few such! Be assured, Sir, so handsome an action will not go unrewarded. You will prosper in the world, take my word for it; and will find the good effects of your generosity."

All that the crafty traveller had been saying to his host, was but a fresh piece of

roguery on his part; for, in luring the innkeeper with such ostentation of generosity, he only meant to trick him as he had already done the beggars. Just at that moment the parish bell was ringing to prayers. He asked who was to perform the service: they told him it was their parson. "As he is your pastor, master Nicholas," he further said, "you are most probably acquainted with him?" "Yes, Sir." "And if he would engage to pay the fifteen-pence that I owe you, would you not acknowledge us quit?" "Undoubtedly, Sir, if it were thirty, and you desired it." "Well then, come along with me to the church, and we will speak to him."

They went out together; but the first ecclesiastic directed his valet to saddle the horses, and to keep them in readiness. The priest, as they entered the church, had just put on his sacerdotal habit, and was going to read prayers. "This will keep us very long," said the traveller to his host; "I have not time to wait, but must proceed immediately on my journey. It will satisfy you, I should imagine, to have the parson's word for the money?"

Nicholas having nodded assent, the other went up to the parson, and dexterously slipping into his hand twelve deniers, said:—"Sir, you will pardon my coming so near the pulpit to speak to you; but much ceremony need not be observed between persons of the same condition. I am travelling through your town, and lodged last night at one of your parishioner's, whom in all probability you know, and whom you may see hard by. He is a well-meaning man, honest, and entirely exempt from vice; but, unfortunately, his head is not so sound as his heart; his brain is somewhat cracked: last night one of his fits of madness prevented us all from sleeping. He is a good deal better, thank God, this morning; nevertheless, as his head is still affected, and full of religion, he begged we would conduct him to church, and that he might hear you say a prayer, that the Lord may, in his goodness, restore him to perfect health." "Most cheerfully," answered the parson.—He then turned to his parishioner, and said to him, "Friend, wait till I have done the service, when I'll take care that you shall have what you desire." Nicholas, who thought this an ample assurance of what he went for, said no more: but attended the traveller back to his inn, wished him a good journey, and then returned to the church to receive his payment from the parson.

The latter, as soon as he had performed the service, came with his stole and book towards the innkeeper. "Friend," said he, "go down upon your knees." The other, surprised at this preamble, observed that there was no occasion for such ceremony in

receiving fifteen-pence. "Truly they are not mistaken," said the parson to himself; "this man cannot be in his right senses." Then assuming a tone of soft insinuation, "Come, my good friend," said he, "place your trust in God; he will have pity on your condition." At the same time he puts the bible on the other's head, and begins his prayer. —Nicholas, in anger, pushes away the book; declares that he cannot stay to be trifled with, guests being waiting for him at his house; that he wants his fifteen-pence, and has no occasion for prayers. The priest, irritated at this, calls to his congregation, as they were going out of church, and desires them to seize the man, who was raving. "No, no! I am not mad; and, by St. Cornille, you shall not trick me in this manner. You engaged to pay me, and I will not leave this place till I get my money." "Seize him! seize him!" cried the priest. They accordingly fastened upon the poor innkeeper, one taking hold of his arms, another of his legs, a third clasping him round the middle, while a fourth exhorted him to be composed. He makes violent efforts to get out of their clutches, and foams with rage, like one possessed; but all in vain; for the parson puts the stole round his neck, and reads quickly his prayer from beginning to end, without excusing him a single word. After this he sprinkles him copiously with holy water, bestows on him a few benedictions, and lets him loose. The unlucky wight saw clearly that he had been made a dupe.—He went home, overwhelmed with shame and vexation at the loss of his fifteen-pence; but then he had, in lieu of them, got a prayer and benediction.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

ENNUI.—M. Bertholet, the son of the philosopher of that name, was a young man of superior talents, his friends entertained high expectations of his future success; but neither the rank to which his father had attained, his own brilliant prospects, nor the literary society and amusements of Paris, could secure him from that *ennui* and weariness of life which at last became insupportable. He locked himself up in a small room, and closing the apertures and crevices, lighted a barrel of charcoal, and seated himself before a table, on which he had laid a seconds watch, with pen, ink, and paper. He then noted down the hour when the charcoal was lighted, the first sensa-

tions produced, and the progress of the delirium till the writing became confused and illegible, and he was found dead on the floor.

HANDEL.—When this celebrated composer died in London, the public Journals were filled with the praises of the deceased. Captain Dashwood, who had first gained great applause by the exhibition of the fireworks at a public festival, brought into company one of the papers, and read aloud a paragraph, which after many encomiums on the genius and virtues of HANDEL, concluded that he had gone to the only place where his harmony could be exceeded. "Yes," said a lady present, "and when you die, captain, they will have it in print that you too have gone to the only place where your works can be exceeded."

M. De Cosnac, Archbishop of Aix, was at a very advanced age when he learned that St. Francois de Sales had been canonized. "What," cried he, "my old friend? I am delighted at his good fortune; he was a gallant man, an amiable man, and an honest man too, although he would sometimes cheat at piquet, at which we have often played together." "But, sir," said some one present, "is it possible that a Saint could be a sharper at play?" "No," replied the Archbishop, "he said as a reason for it, that he gave all his winnings to the poor."

VALUE OF JUSTICE.—An attorney in France having bought a charge of *bailiff* for his son, advised him never to work in vain, but to raise contributions on those who wanted his assistance. "What, father!" said the son in surprise, "would you have me sell justice?"—"Why not?" answered the father; "it is too scarce an article to be given for nothing."

Professor Porson, it is well known, was not remarkably attentive to the decoration of his person; indeed he was, at times, disagreeably negligent. On one occasion he went to visit a learned friend, (now a Judge,) where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting, in anxious and impatient expectation of the barber. On Porson's entering the library where the gentleman was sitting, he started up, and hastily said, "Are you the barber?" "No, Sir," replied Porson, "but I am a cunning shaver, much at your service."

A writer on English grammar gives the following example of false emphasis. A person on reading the 17th chap. of 1st Kings, verse 27, placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics.—"And he spake to his sons saying, saddle *me* the *ass*, and they saddled *him*."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE NATIVES OF HUNTER'S ISLAND.

IN the Calcutta Journal for October last, a circumstantial and interesting account is given of the discovery, in the month of July preceding, of a new Island in the Southern Ocean, called by the natives *Onaseuse*, and by the Europeans *Hunter's Island*, in honour of Captain Hunter of the *Donna Carmelita*, an East India ship, who was the first that ascertained its existence.

The Island is situated in latitude $15^{\circ} 31' S.$ and long. $176^{\circ} 11' E.$; and the inhabitants appeared never to have seen Europeans before. They could hardly, indeed, be convinced that the clothes of the crew of the ship were not natural integuments of their bodies. When the Island was first perceived, (20th July) a number of fishing canoes were observed plying for the shore, which induced Captain Hunter to bear down and intercept one of them. After a good deal of persuasion a native came on board, who was presented with a hatchet, and a piece of white cloth, which pleased him much, and on showing his presents to those in the other canoes, they appeared no longer under any apprehension of danger, and visited the ship frequently. A chief having gone on board, and signs made to him, that refreshments were wanted, he sent all the canoes on shore for provisions, and remained behind with a few others. The canoes, to the number of thirty, soon returned, laden with hogs, yams, plantains, and other fruits, and traded with the greatest honesty for iron hoops, nails, pieces of white cloth, &c. The ship's cutter, which had been despatched with the chief, also brought back an abundant supply of these necessaries. The island appeared from the vessel to be most beautiful, and seemed well cultivated and inhabited. The natives are about the colour of Malays, but have more of the European features. They seemed to be expert swimmers, as they often overturned their canoes, which they soon righted again without being incommoded. These canoes are said to resemble those of Ceylon, to be very handsome, and ornamented with shells. The officer who accompanied the chief in the cutter made the following report to Captain Hunter:—

"At 1 PM. got close in shore; the natives desired us to pull in, when we observed a great concourse of people assembled on a bluff point of land. The native in the cutter pointed to the king (*Funafoah*); the king with his attendants came round and seated himself close to the boat; the native desired me to walk towards the king. I thought it best to go unarmed, as it would make them have more confidence in us; most of them were armed with war clubs, with short round heads, some with spears from 24 to 40 feet long; afterwards I saw some much longer. There was a great number of women, many of whom carried two spears, I judged for the use of the men. I was desired to sit down close to his majesty; after making my obedience, I made him a present of a white shirt, putting it on him; I likewise gave the same to his brother; they seemed highly pleased, and in return made a present of a hog, a basket of yams and bananas and cocoa-nuts. After sitting some time surrounded by men and women, I made him a present of a looking-glass, which seemed to surprise them greatly; it went from the king to the queen, and from her all around, every one taking a look at it, and then touching the crown of their heads with it; a ceremony they performed with every little thing given them. The king took a shell from his neck and gave it me.

"I then made signs if there was any water to be had; they said *Houtou*, and pointed amongst the hills. I showed them a small cask; the king immediately gave orders to two of the natives to go and fill it. I expressed a wish to go and see the watering place; the king got up and desired me to follow with our friend the native—I took the carpenter and four men armed, in case of an accident. The king had gone by a shorter route over the hill; however, I soon found it was not the watering-place they were taking us to, but the beach, not far from the boat, in a kind of cove. Here we saw his majesty seated with all his attendants, and I was requested to sit down opposite him on the ground, which I accordingly did; the beach was marked out in apartments by rows of stones, the upper part of this spot having a little grove of cocoa-nut trees, and a great quantity of large calavances, some of which I tasted, and found them very good. All round the place were bundles of spears of a great length, but tied together, as indicating their peaceful intentions. The women were ordered on one side, but only for a short time, when they all crowded round us; they were particular in looking at our shoes and buttons, but were very civil.

"After sitting some time, I presented the king a sheet, tying it round his body; in re-

turn he presented me with his covering, likewise with another hog and some yams. I then gave him a small penknife; he seemed highly pleased, and sent immediately for more hogs and fruit. At this time the small cask came down, carried by two men; we found, instead of water, it was milk from the cocoa-nuts, which made me think they had not a great plenty of water. The water the natives drank was very good. Shortly after, the king's mother came down, an elderly woman, about fifty years; the king himself seemed about 30, his queen about 20, a fine stout woman, and a good figure—her teeth perfectly even, and very clean. All the women and men had their little fingers cut off by the second joint on the left hand; and the women had their cheek bones perforated, and the blood smeared round about an inch; I suppose a mark of beauty. Some of the women were tattooed with a red colour, more especially in their arms, mostly in circles, about an inch round; they were uncommonly civil, and did not seem at all bashful. Some of them were very pretty girls. The women were all naked, only a small covering round their body, and that not particularly well fitted. The men mostly wore a kind of mat round their body, made with leaves of trees wove into them, and like a Highlander's kilt. Being so short a time on shore, we could not get up into the country to look for any thing the island produced, but by the appearance it must be fruitful. The beach was crowded with women, who were mostly ornamented with shells, and their hair cut short. Some of them had a substance on the top of the head resembling flour paste, which had a curious appearance with their dark faces."

An interchange of garments is reckoned the highest mark of respect among the natives of Hunter's Island. On the *Dona Carmelita* reaching Calcutta, Captain Hunter exhibited the cloth which had been presented by king Funafooah. It was in the form of an oblong square, about 6 feet in length and three broad. It seemed to be made of hemp, or some vegetable fibre, was closely woven, and ended in a fringe all around. It was of the natural colour, and when compared with the manufactured stuff which enveloped an Egyptian mummy, it was found to be exactly the same. It did not appear that the natives knew of any other method of weaving this cloth than by their hands.

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.—MR. BOOTH.

WE have heretofore expressed our opinion of this gentleman's histrionic merit. He has

again been amongst us and confirmed that opinion. It is unnecessary to repeat our ideas of his general character and style of acting, its excellencies and its faults; but we cannot refrain from expressing our wonder that a man of his strong and passionate powers should be so little appreciated by the public. Editors of papers, who point out to our attention fire-works, explosions, hailstones, uncommon radishes, large turnips, queer-shaped potatoes "and every thing in the world," who inform us of the precise number of drops that fall in a smart thunder-shower and the definite quantum of caloric in every flash of lightning, are as silent on the subject of *Mr. Booth* as if the finger of Harpocrates crossed their lips. We are at a loss to account for this. It cannot be from deficiency of taste, for notwithstanding the sneers which wiseacres occasionally bestow on the editorial community, there is no lack of judgment or of taste in some of the managers of our daily papers. Whatever the reason may be, it is a matter of reproach that *Booth* should come amongst us, play his best characters in his best style, and depart, without one half of the city knowing that he has been here, or, perhaps, that there is any such actor in existence.

The evil will remedy itself in due time. *Mr. Booth* is marching on to high theatrical reputation slowly, but surely. He has that within him which will command admiration, and enforce applause. He does not appear to be aiming at that transient popularity which is formed by the breath of public excitement, which is "*cortice levius*;" but he founds his reputation on the basis of talent, and means that it shall be lasting. He cannot but be conscious of his powers, and that they will eventually ensure him a steady popularity. He has many disadvantages—he is young, his figure is small, and his voice disobedient; but "look in his face and you'll forget them all." He has a finely moulded countenance, which expresses the workings of passion to the life; an eye which speaks when his tongue is still, and a lip which curls in scorn, compresses in command, or writhes in pain as the heart bids it.

We are not conscious that our panegyric is overstrained; but if so, it is better than cold neglect towards sterling genius.

J. G. B.

SHAKSPEARE'S RICHARD THE THIRD.

Mr. Thelwall, who is well known in the literary world, has recently delivered a course of lectures on Shakspeare and the Drama, in the Hay-Market Theatre, London, which appear, by the English journals, to have elicited great applause from a numerous and respectable audience. His fourth lecture, which took place on the 19th March last, is particularly spoken of as a brilliant oratorical critical essay. The subject was "Shakspeare's and Garrick's Richard the Third, contrasted with modern dramatists and actors."

In describing the several characters, which the pen of the mighty poet has delineated, in the plays of Henry the Sixth and Richard, the lecturer particularly remarked on the great difference between those characters as they are represented on the stage, and as they were really and truly drawn by Shakspeare. The garbled *melange* of the green-room library, and the energy and truth of the original, were well contrasted and forcibly insisted on; and most justly instanced as a flagrant violation of the text of Shakspeare, and an abuse and deterioration not only of that great genius, but of the taste and literature of the age. The idea which the generality of us have of the personages of Shakspeare, is mostly derived from the portraiture, not of the author, but of the actor. This is evidently a source from whence many errors must originate, when it is considered how arduous a thing it is to sustain, with full fidelity, any one of Shakspeare's characters, and what a combination of taste, deep penetration, justness of conception, and energy of action and voice, are required to do so in any efficient and masterly manner. The enthusiastic admirer of the great dramatist would, above all things, be most anxious to impede and altogether prevent this fatal and prejudicial mode of estimating the merits and demerits of his master. Mr. Thelwall declared that Richard the Third, as represented by Mr. Kean, is a morose, cold-blooded, murderous, unintellectual villain, warped in his very soul by the lowest and most vulgar passions, capable neither of sympathy nor of one light exhilarating feeling, but absorbed in a dark and gloomy misanthropy, which vents itself through the medium of the direst propensities. Mr. Thelwall's idea of the character is quite the reverse. He maintains that Richard was, and is, historically and poetically, of a comic turn; that his pride, and consciousness of superior mental power over every one around him, and capacity of making them subservient to his purposes, burst forth, in frequent ebullitions of exulting and triumphant chucklings, at the weak and powerless resistances opposed to his uncurbed and ambitious will. His was the very perfection of self-love. He harmed no one wan-

tonly, or from a spiteful or selfish motive. All his deeds, bloody as they were, sprung not from hatred, but from an overweening and excessive egotism, and a grasping and insatiable ambition, which, to aggrandise itself, would annihilate the whole human race. Such was the character, he contended, of Richard the Third, and such was he represented to be by Garrick. Mr. Thelwall, in the course of his lecture, gave, among other quotations in support of his opinions, Richard's soliloquy in the third act—

"Ay, Edward will use women honourably."

And the manner in which he delivered it was a most excellent comment on the positions he had been previously endeavouring to support. For an ambitious restlessness, an intellectual overtowering urging on, and a mingling spirit of buoyant confidence, the result of a conscious superiority, which throws a degree of comic feeling over the character; all these striking attributes of Richard are most conspicuously displayed in this fine soliloquy.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

CINCINNATUS THE ROMAN CONSUL.

WHEN Herodotus, taking advantage of the domestic troubles at Rome, possessed himself of the capitol, the consul Valerius Publicola repulsed him, but fell at the head of his troops. Another consul was now to be elected, and after much deliberation, the choice fell on Cincinnatus; in consequence of which, the senate sent deputies to him, to invite him to come and take possession of the magistracy. He was then at work in his field, and being his own ploughman, he was dressed in a manner suitable to that profession. When he saw the deputies coming towards him, he stopped his oxen, very much surprised at seeing such a number of persons, and not knowing what they could want with him. One of the company approached him, and requested him to put on a more suitable dress. He went into his hut, and having put on other clothes, he presented himself to those who were waiting for him without doors. They immediately saluted him consul, and invested him with the purple robe; the lictors ranged themselves before him, ready to obey his orders, and begged him to follow them to Rome. Troubled at this sight, he for some time shed tears in silence. At last recovering himself, he said only these words: "My field will not be sown this year!" and then repaired to Rome.

The conduct of Cincinnatus during his consulship, fully showed what patriotism and greatness of soul had inhabited a poor

wretched cottage. By the vigour and prudence of his measures he appeased the tumult, and reinstated judiciary proceedings, which had been interrupted during many years. So peaceful a government could not fail of applause; and the people, in consequence, expressed their entire satisfaction with it. But what charmed them was, that on the expiration of his term, he refused to be continued in office, with no less constancy than he had pain at first in accepting it. The senate, in particular, forgot nothing that might induce him to comply with being continued in the consulship; but all their entreaties and solicitations were to no purpose. No sooner had this great man resigned his office, than domestic trouble again embroiled the state; and the Roman people were forced to declare, that the commonwealth required a dictator. Cincinnatus was immediately nominated to the office; and the deputies sent to announce it to him, again found him at his plough. He, however, accepted the office, and a second time saved his country.

Cincinnatus afterwards received the honour of the most splendid triumph that ever adorned any general's success, for having, in the space of sixteen days, during which he had been invested with the dictatorship, saved the Roman camp from the most imminent danger; defeated and cut to pieces the army of the enemy; taken and plundered one of their finest cities, and left a garrison in it; and lastly, gratefully repaid the Tusculans, who had sent an army to their assistance.

Such were a few of the advantages which this great man rendered his country. Sensible of their obligations, and desirous to convince him of their regard and gratitude, the senate made him an offer of as much of the land he had taken from the enemy as he should think proper to accept, with as many slaves and cattle as were necessary to stock it. He returned them his thanks, but would accept of nothing but a crown of gold of a pound weight, decreed him by the army. He had no passion or desire beyond the field he cultivated, and the laborious life he had embraced; more glorious and contented with his poverty, than others with the empire of the world.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

CHEMICAL SCIENCE.

No. II.

ADIPOCERE—CONTINUED.

At page 43, we gave an account of the conversion into adipocere of the bodies found

in the burial-ground *des Innocens*. Its consistence in bodies lately changed, that is to say, from three to five years, was soft and very ductile; containing a great quantity of water. In other subjects converted into this matter for a long time, such as those which occupied the cavities which had been closed thirty or forty years, this matter is drier, more brittle, and in denser flakes. In several which were deposited in dry earth, various portions of the fatty matter had become semi-transparent. The aspect, the granulated texture, and brittleness of this dried matter, bore a considerable resemblance to wax.

The period of the formation of this substance had likewise an influence on its properties. In general, all that which had been formed for a long time was white, uniform, and contained no foreign substance or fibrous remains; such, in particular, was that afforded by the skin of the extremities. On the contrary, in bodies recently changed, the fatty matter was neither so uniform nor so pure as in the former; but it was still found to contain portions of muscles, tendons, and ligaments, the texture of which, though already altered and changed in its colour, was still distinguishable. Accordingly, as the conversion was more or less advanced, these fibrous remains were more or less penetrated with the fatty matter, interposed, as it were, between the interstices of the fibres. This observation shows, that it is not merely the fat which is thus changed, as was natural enough to think at first sight. Other facts confirm this assertion. The skin, as has been remarked, becomes easily converted into very pure white matter, as does likewise the brain, neither of which has been considered by anatomists to be fat. It is true, nevertheless, that the unctuous parts, and bodies charged with fat, appear more easily and speedily to pass to the state under consideration. This was seen in the marrow, which occupied the cavities of the longer bones. And again, it is not to be supposed, but that the greater part of these bodies had been emaciated by the illness which terminated their lives; notwithstanding which, they were all absolutely turned into this fatty substance.

An experiment made by M. Poulletier de la Salle, and Fourcroy, evinced that a conversion does not take place in the fat alone. M. Poulletier had suspended in his laboratory a small piece of the human liver, to observe what would arise to it by the contact of the air. It partly putrefied, without, however, emitting any very noisome smell. Larvæ of the dermestes and bruchus attacked and penetrated it in various directions; at last it became dry, and after more than ten years' suspension, it was converted into a white friable substance resembling dried

agarie, which might have been taken for an earthy substance. In this state it had no perceptible smell. M. Poulletier was desirous of knowing the state of this animal matter, and experiment soon convinced him and M. F. that it was very far from being in the state of an earth. It melted by heat, and exhaled in the form of a vapour, which had the smell of a very fetid fat; spirit of wine separated a concrescible oil, which appeared to possess all the properties of spermaceti. Each of the three alkalies converted it into soap, and, in a word, it exhibited all the properties of the fatty matter of the burial-ground of the Innocents exposed for several months to the air. Here then was a glandular organ, which, in the midst of the atmosphere, had undergone a change similar to that of the bodies in the burying-place; and this fact sufficiently shows that an animal substance which is very far from being of the nature of grease, may be totally converted into this fatty substance.

The grave-diggers assert, that near three years are required to convert a body into this fatty substance. But Dr. Gibbes, of Oxford, found that lean beef, secured in a running stream, was converted into this fatty matter at the end of a month. He judges from facts, that running water is most favourable to this process. He took three lean pieces of mutton, and poured on each a quantity of the three common mineral acids. At the end of three days, each was much changed: that in the nitric acid was very soft, and converted into the fatty matter; that in the muriatic acid was not in that time so much altered; the sulphuric acid had turned the other black. M. Lavoisier thinks that this process may hereafter prove of great use in society.

The result of M. Fourcroy's inquiries into the ordinary changes of bodies recently deposited in the earth, was not very extensive. The grave-diggers informed him, that these bodies interred do not perceptibly change colour for the first seven or eight days; that the putrid process disengages elastic fluid, which inflates the abdomen, and at length bursts it; that this event instantly causes vertigo, faintness, and nausea in such persons as unfortunately are within a certain distance of the scene where it takes place; but that when the object of its action is nearer, a sudden privation of sense, and frequently death, is the consequence. These men are taught by experience, that no immediate danger is to be feared from the disgusting business they are engaged in, excepting at this period, which they regard with the utmost terror. They resisted every inducement and persuasion which these philosophers made use of, to prevail on them to assist their researches into the nature of this active and pernicious vapour. M. Fourcroy takes

occasion from these facts, as well as from the pallid and unwholesome appearance of the grave-diggers, to reprobate burials in great towns or their vicinity.

Such bodies as are interred alone, in the midst of a great quantity of humid earth, are totally destroyed by passing through the successive degrees of the ordinary putrefaction, and this destruction is more speedy, the warmer the temperature. But if these insulated bodies be dry and emaciated; if the place of deposition be likewise dry, and the locality and other circumstances such, that the earth, so far from receiving moisture from the atmosphere, becomes still more effectually parched by the solar rays; the animal juices are volatilized and absorbed, the solids contract and harden, and a peculiar species of mummy is produced. But every circumstance is very different in the common burying-grounds. Heaped together almost in contact, the influence of external bodies affects them scarcely at all, and they become abandoned to a peculiar disorganization, which destroys their texture, and produces the new and most permanent state of combination here described. From various observations it was found that this fatty matter was capable of enduring in these burying-places for thirty or forty years, and is at length corroded and carried off by the aqueous putrid humidity which there abounds.

OPTICAL WONDER.

Mr. Scoresby's Journal of a voyage to the northern whale fishery, recently published, contains much information respecting the refractions which are usual in high latitudes: one very singular instance deserves to be noticed:—"On my return to the ship, about eleven o'clock, the night was beautifully fine, and the air quite mild. The atmosphere, in consequence of its warmth, being in a highly retractive state, a great many curious appearances were presented by the land and ice-bergs. The most extraordinary effect of this state of the atmosphere, however, was the distinct inverted image of a ship in the clear sky, over the middle of the large bay or inlet before mentioned; the ship itself being entirely beyond the horizon. Appearances of this kind I have before noticed, but the peculiarities of this were, the perfection of the image, and the great distance of the vessel that it represented. It was so extremely well defined, that when examined with a telescope by Dolland, I could distinguish every sail, the general "rig of the ship," and its particular character: insomuch, that I confidently pronounced it to be my father's ship, the *Fame*, which it afterwards proved to be; though, on comparing notes with my father,

I found that our relative position at the time, gave our distance from one another very nearly thirty miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision. I was so struck by the peculiarity of the circumstance, that I mentioned it to the officer of the watch, stating my full conviction that the *Fame* was then cruising in the neighbouring inlet."

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

THE ANATOMY OF THE EYE.—M. Giuseppe Trasmondi, who has been busy in ascertaining the existence of the new muscle found in the human eye by Dr. Herminer, of Philadelphia, has discovered two nerves spreading over the same muscle. He has given a detailed description of them in his school at Rome, where he is professor of practical anatomy; and has added a number of observations on the functions of the eye, on its pathological condition, and on the means employed by surgery in the cure of its diseases.

ELECTRICITY.—The electrical effect of stroking a cat briskly with one hand is well known. Shocks may also be imparted to the other hand at the same time, by forming the electric circle as follows:—Let the cat be placed before a good fire some ten or fifteen minutes, and then taken upon the lap of the operator; by passing the palm of either hand over the back, the usual spark will be emitted, and by applying the other hand to the throat, so as that the finger and thumb touch the jaw or shoulder, the hand so applied will feel slight shocks, as if discharged by the *Leyden phial*.

An unpublished, unknown Ode of Tasso, has lately been discovered and printed at Rome; the subject is religious, and the execution is highly beautiful. Monti is publishing a new edition of "*Dante*," with copious notes of his own: from the established reputation of the editor, and his long passion for the original, something excellent is expected.

The *Memoirs of Goethe*, written by himself, which have been read with avidity in Germany, have at length appeared in English. They exhibit the circumstances under which the character of a very extraordinary man has been formed and developed; and the mixture of romantic adventure and lively description, which the volumes contain, renders the author's narrative highly entertaining. They also supply a store of novel information respecting the authors and literature of Germany. The circumstances and feelings which gave birth to *Goetz Von Berlichingen*, *Werter*, and other works, are minutely explained.

LITERATURE.

On the Origin and Progress of Fictitious History.

PART III.

It is well known, that in the feudal countries every baron retained a poet or historian, to record the warlike deeds of the family, and amuse him with the romantic legend. In England, these were called *minstrels*, and to them we are indebted for the earliest productions of romance. Scotland had her minstrels, who introduced the taste for fiction, and they assumed the venerable name of *bards*. But alas! they were not the bards whose memory was so dear to the tuneful Ossian. They were not the bards who erewhile descended from the airy halls to console him "in the gray years of his age." The spirits of Ossian, and Carril, and Ullin had fled; they heard not the invocations of this spurious race, nor inspired them with the simple beauties of song. This appears to me to have been the origin of romantic fiction. Let us trace it through its subsequent changes.

When nations begin to emerge from barbarity and ignorance in the first dawn of polite literature, and before it has reached its highest lustre, we may distinguish a period in the literary history of every people, which is characterised by a false and unnatural taste in the fine arts. In the history of all nations who have arrived at any degree of refinement we may trace this era of vitiated taste. It is sufficiently marked by forced conceit, affected humour, and a relish of beauties entirely contrary to nature and common sense. This period, in England, may be fixed about the time of Charles II., and in France it immediately preceded that glorious blaze of science, that shone forth under Louis XIV. It was about this period that romance writing assumed a new aspect. The machinery and fable of the ancient romances were indeed laid aside; but though dragons, and necromancers, and enchanted castles were no more, the deviation from nature and truth was no less wide than formerly. Our good ancestors of gothic origin were supplanted by the heroes and conquerors of Greece and Rome. Instead of Rinaldo, and Britomart, and Amadis de Gaul encountering some

monstrous giant, or delivering some fair captive from an enchanted castle, it was now Cyrus or Alexander the Great, who, struck with the peerless charms of some cruel shepherdess, had laid aside their regal state, and wandering disconsolate through woods and wilds, complained to rocks and trees of the indifference of the haughty fair. After roaming thus for years, bending the rugged rock with his sorrows, and swelling the river with his tears, our hero meets his mistress on the margin of some crystal stream; her heart relents at the recital of his woes, and she approves his flame. In these notable productions, nature and probability are wholly disregarded; and fortune and accident produce events no less strange than the enchanters of former times. No regard is paid to character or design; we are astonished to find the great triumvirate, who divided the spoils of Rome, converted into whining, sickening lovers, whose greatest ambition is to gain a place in the affections of the fair Cleopatra. The stern virtue of Brutus gives way to the unmanly sighs of a lover. He forgets his country, her wrongs, and Cæsar's ambition, and is emulous only to obtain a gracious regard from the lovely Parthenia. Such were the heroic romances of the last age; they had their day; and now let their memory remain for ever in undisturbed oblivion.

To these, a new species of fictitious writing succeeded, called novels, in which this sort of composition has been carried to the greatest perfection it will admit. After taste had been refined, and juster ideas of composition established, unnatural descriptions of characters no longer pleased. But still, to a people corrupted by luxury, and dissipated in their manners, some sentimental amusement was necessary to fill up the vacancy of action, and beguile the tedious hours of idleness. To the gay, and the depraved, the exercise of the understanding is accompanied with intolerable fatigue. The fancy must be addressed, and the imagination pleased by a variety of amusements. The taste of the age is now too refined to admit of the monstrous fictions of the ancient legend, or the absurd extravagancies of the heroic romance. A species of fiction has been introduced, which professes to copy after nature; to delineate the manners of real life, and to describe cha-

racters as they are actually found to exist among mankind. Amidst the almost endless variety of compositions of this kind which have appeared within half a century, though the greatest number are justly reckoned the nuisance of literature, yet there are many which profess merit in laying open the windings of the heart, and in delineating the real manners of mankind. Whether this species of writing, which has become so prevalent, has a tendency to corrupt or improve the taste and morals of the nation, is an inquiry of a different kind, and might admit of a very minute discussion.

T. L. R.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*
dwell."

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

SUBJECT to the immutable laws by which custom governs the East, the Egyptian women do not associate with the men, not even at table, where the union of sexes produces mirth and wit, and makes food more delicious. When a great man intimates that he intends to dine with one of his wives, she prepares the apartment, perfumes it with precious essences, procures the most delicate viands, and receives her lord with attention and respect. Among the common people, the women usually stand, or sit in a corner of the room while the husband dines. They often hold the basin for him to wash, and serve him at table.

The Egyptian women, once or twice a week, are permitted to go to the bath, and visit female relations and friends. They receive each other's visits very affectionately. When a lady enters the harem, the mistress rises, takes her hand, presses it to her bosom, kisses, and makes her sit down by her side; a slave hastens to take her black mantle; she is entreated to be at ease, quits her veil, and discovers a floating robe tied round the waist with a sash, which perfectly displays her shape. She then receives compliments according to their manner; "Why, my mother, or my sister, have you been so long absent? We sighed to see you! Your presence is an honour to our house! It is the happiness of our lives!"

Slaves present coffee, sherbet, and confectionary. They laugh, talk, and play. A large dish is placed, on which are oranges, pomegranates, bananas, and excellent me-

lons. Water and rose-water mixed, are brought in a ewer, with a silver basin to wash the hands; and loud glee and merry conversation season the refreshment. The chamber is perfumed by wood of aloes, in a brasier; and, the repast ended, the slaves dance to the sound of cymbals, with whom the mistresses often mingle. At parting, they several times repeat, "God keep you in health! Heaven grant you a numerous offspring! Heaven preserve your children; the delight and glory of your family!"

When a visiter is in the harem, the husband must not enter. It is the asylum of hospitality, and cannot be violated without fatal consequences; a cherished right, which the Egyptian women carefully maintain, being interested in its preservation. A lover, disguised like a woman, may be introduced into the harem, and it is necessary he should remain undiscovered; death would otherwise be his reward. In that country, where the passions are excited by the climate, and the difficulty of gratifying them, love often produces tragical events.

The Egyptian women, guarded by their eunuchs, go also on the water, and enjoy the charming prospects of the Nile. Their cabins are pleasant, richly embellished, and the boats neatly carved and painted. They are known by the blinds over the windows, and the music by which they are accompanied. When they cannot go abroad, they endeavour to be merry in their prison. Toward sunset they walk on the terrace, and take the fresh air among the flowers which are there carefully reared. Here they often bathe; and thus, at once, enjoy the cool, limpid water, the perfume of odoriferous plants, the balmy breeze, and the starry host which shine in the firmament.

Such is the usual life of the Egyptian females. Their duties are to educate their children, take care of their household, and live retired with their families. Their pleasures, to visit, give feasts, in which they often yield to excess, go on the water, take the air in orange groves, and listen to the Almai. They deck themselves as carefully to receive their visitors as European females do to allure the other sex. Usually mild and timid, they become daring and furious when under the dominion of violent love. Neither locks nor grim keepers can then prescribe bounds to their passions; which, though death be suspended over their heads, they search the means to gratify, and are seldom unsuccessful.

THE HUSBAND.

From the Greek.

Faithful as the dog, the lonely shepherd's pride,
True as the helm, the bark's protecting guide,
Firm as the shaft that props the towering dome,
Sweet as the shipwreck'd seaman's land and home.

Lovely as child, a parent's sole delight,
Radiant as morn that breaks a stormy night,
Grateful as streams, that in some deep recess,
With rills unhop'd the panting traveller bless,
Is he, that links with me his chain of life,
Names himself lord, and deigns to call me WIFE.

THE WIFE.

In imitation of the preceding.

Beautiful as young day, when the sweet season's waking,
Joyous as the bird of song when the gay morn is breaking,
Mild as Zephyr's softest sigh, on Flora's bosom breathing,
Chaste as that fair queen who found the art of endless
wreathing,
Constant as Apollo's flower, which blooms but in his
beaming,
Fond as the moon of that bright star, upon her pathway
gleaming,
Graceful as the slightest reed upon the green bank wav-
ing,
Courteous as the rippling stream, which that green bank
is laving,
Yet great in soul, and high in mind, the charm, the bliss
of life,
Is she, the gentlest of her kind, I proudly call my WIFE.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

In some, love may be said to rage like Hecla. We all know how a poor tailor died for love of queen Elizabeth; another unhappy wight, bewitched with the love of royalty, conceived, in the year 1788, a violent passion for another Elizabeth, now princess of Homberg, and got into the palace to pay his respects to her royal highness. His name was Spang, his father a Dane, himself an Englishman and a hair-dresser! But, such is the fate of this sort of love, the friseur was unluckily pronounced insane. And again, in the preceding year, 1787, one Stone, a heavy looking man, about thirty-three years of age, a native of Shaftesbury, unfortunately fell in love with the princess royal of England, now the dowager queen of Wurtemburgh. He said the princess stole his heart from him by looking up at him in the two-shilling gallery at the theatre; but doctor Monro, who knew less about love than lunacy, soon decided the business, and poor Stone was sent to Bedlam.

Some ladies, like the gentle Viola, never tell their love, but let the cankering worm hasten them to the grave. And here, in the other sex, we are reminded of Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham, who wrote his life and confessions; he was a male Viola, for he let concealment like a worm, &c.: but he shall speak for himself: "Perhaps there is not a human being but sooner or later feels, in some degree, the passion of love. I was struck with a girl; watched her wherever I could, and peeped through the chink of the windows at night. She lay near my heart eleven years; but I never spoke to her in my whole life, nor was she ever apprised of my passion."

Such is the force of this passion, that it will tend to turn day into night; witness the following;—A few years ago, a lady who had resolved "never to see the light

of the day again," from a matrimonial disappointment, lived shut up in darkness (at least she had only a lamp or candle burning) in Charterhouse street, London, and this lady rigidly kept her maiden vow, to the great satisfaction of her tallow-chandler.

FEMALE HEROISM.

The extreme seclusion in which the fair sex are, at present, kept by the Asiatics, was not so in the early period of Mahometanism, nor previous to it, as appears from an anecdote of female heroism, and of conjugal devotedness, which took place at the siege of Damascus, six years after the death of the prophet, whose followers, by a close investiture, had reduced the garrison and people to the utmost extremity. In consequence of this, a sortie of all capable of bearing arms took place, under the personal command of the Greek governor, when the wife of one of the chiefs determined on accompanying her husband. The Mahometans, with their customary cunning, pretended to be struck with a sudden panic, and assumed the appearance of a hasty and disorderly flight, so as to lead on the garrison beyond the limits of safety, when the Arabs, instantly forming on all sides, took their assailants by surprise, whilst in all the confusion of a supposed pursuit.

The resistance of the Greeks was, nevertheless, worthy of their valour; but in the course of the action, whilst the chief, whose wife still accompanied him, was performing prodigies of valour, the splendour of his dress and armour excited the cupidity of a powerful Arabian, named Sefswaun, who rushed into the thickest of the battle, and having, with his mace, felled the Greek to the ground, instantly dispatched him. Enraged with horror and despair, the unhappy fair one seized upon a weapon, and assailed the slayer of her husband with a degree of active resolution, that at first astonished the enthusiastic savage; but even his generosity prevailed over the ruthless ardour of battle, and recoiling from the dishonour of embroiling his hands in the blood of a female, he merely parried her assaults, which continued for some time with extraordinary vehemence, cautiously avoiding to wound, but endeavouring to terrify his fair and frail antagonist. It was not, however, until she was nearly surrounded by the enemy, during the retreat of her discomfited friends, that she attempted to retire from the fight, when she unwillingly sought shelter with them within the walls of the city; but finally to perish, when a party of besiegers, under the command of Khaled, the fierce and inexorable, stormed the walls, even during a pending capitulation, and sacked the city with indiscriminate slaughter.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 11. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MIRNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Nour Hali*.—*Feodor and Alexowina*.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Moluccas, or Spice Islands*.

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatres. April 1824*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Eleanor Gwyn*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Chemical, Mineralogical, and Geological science, as applicable to the useful arts, and in accordance with the present state of those sciences. No. III.—Ships Built on Mathematical Principles.—Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals*.

LITERATURE.—*Travels in Italy, by an American*.

THE GRACES.—*The Persian Women.—Baneful Influence of Fortune Telling*.

POETRY.—*Philip's Dream; an American Sketch*; and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

A mineral spring has recently been discovered in Brookfield (Mass.) whose qualities are believed superior to those of any other in New England.

Nine hundred bushels of salt have lately arrived at Troy, by the canal from Salina, being the first cargo of western salt received at that place.

A steam proof cabin is stated to have been invented by a citizen of Maryland, which, it is said, will effectually secure passengers in steam boats, when an explosion takes place.

A piece of cotton bagging has been manufactured at Lexington, (Ky.) said to be superior in strength and workmanship to any bagging ever before exhibited.

A new work by Washington Irving, entitled "*Tales of a Traveller*," is on the eve of publication by Mr. Murray of London.

Another novel, from the pen of Dr. Greenfield, is announced in the London papers. The story is Scottish, and the incidents are supposed to have occurred in the year 1760, fifteen years after the last rebellion.

MARRIED,

Mr. G. W. Smith to Miss Frances Davis.

Mr. D. Ferguson to Miss Hannah Churchward.

Mr. Marinus Willet, Jr. to Miss Caroline Bronson.

DIED,

Mr. William Price, aged 25 years.

Mr. Richard L. Degroot.

Mrs. Caroline Gassner, aged 23 years.

Mr. Edward Mead, aged 37 years.

Capt. Evans, U. S. Navy.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

BOWERS.

THERE is a bright and fairy bower
Where never frowned the brow of care,
Where never yet did tempest lower,
But summer suns are shining there—
It is the bower of early life,
Of being's unembittered spring,
Ere Time hath raised his fatal knife
To clip young Joy's elastic wing.
There busy Hope entwines her wreath,
And scatters incense from her urn,
And pours upon the Zephyr's breath
Her "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"
She sports beneath that smiling sky,
And culls the blossoms from the tree,
And turns to heaven her winning eye,
Of more than mortal brilliancy.
Who hath not worn her early wreath,
Who hath not heard her angel lay,
And basked in matin dreams beneath
The beam of her unclouded day?
Who hath not hailed her witching smile
With light, with love, with feeling, warm,
And knelt and idolized awhile
The beauty of her fairy form?

* * * * *

There is a dark and lonely bower,
Where faintly gleams a setting sun,
Where ivy creeps o'er many a flower,
Whose little day of bloom is done—
Sad Memory! that bower is thine;
Of ruins framed, with cypress strewed,
Reared upon hope's deserted shrine,
In sadness and in solitude.

There Sorrow sits—with frequent tears
Her dim and troubled eye is wet,
As o'er the lapse of faded years
She casts the glance of long regret:
And *there* are clouds that pall the sky,
And *there* are ashes in the urn,
And buds which blossomed but to die,
And lights which long have ceased to burn.

And list ye there a song of wail,
The mournful anthem of the past,
List there a melancholy tale
Which moans upon the moaning blast—
It tells of pleasure's broken chain,
Of hours, which all too quickly sped,
Of hopes beguiled, of wishes vain,
Of feelings crushed, and passions dead!

1823.

J. G. B.

For the Minerva.

The following lines were written by one of our own poets, who is now in the grave.

Trust not the wile of a woman's eye,
Though thy dawn of love be bright,
Clear is the blue of its cloudless sky,
But it sets in a moonless night,
And the heart that revels in passion's dream,
But feasts on its own decay,
As the snow-wreath welcomes the sun's warm beam,
And smiles as it melts away.

THE THREE BLIND TIPPLERS.

By Mr. Campbell.

Three sightless inmates of the sky,
Whose names were Justice—Fortune—Cupid,
Finding their public life on high
Somewhat monotonous and stupid,
Resolved, one morning, to unite
Their powers in an alliance holy,
And purify the earth, whose plight,
They all agreed, was melancholy.

Quoth Justice, "Of the world below
I, doubtless, have the best idea,
Since, in the golden age, you know
I ruled it jointly with Astræa;
While, therefore, we on earth abide,
For fear our forces should be parted,
Let me be your perpetual guide!"
Agreed, *nem. con.*, and off they started.

Love first, and Fortune next, descends,
Then Justice, though awhile she tarried,
When Cupid cries, "This flight, my friends,
Has made my throttle somewhat arid:
Beneath each wing, before our trip,
I popp'd a golden vase of nectar,
And I, for one, should like a sip:
What says our worshipful director?"

The proposition, 'twas decreed,
Redounded to the mover's glory,
So down they sate upon the mead,
And plied the flagon *con amore*;
But not reflecting that the draught
With air of earth was mix'd and muddled,
Before the second vase was quaff'd,
They all became completely fuddled.

Now reeling, wrangling, they proceed,
Each loudly backing his opinion,
And, 'stead of letting Justice lead,
All struggle fiercely for dominion:
Whereat her sword in wrath she draws,
And throws it in her scales with fury,
Maintaining that the rightful cause
Requires no other judge and jury.

Fortune, purloining Cupid's darts,
Tips them with gold for sordid suitors,
Making sad havoc in the hearts
Of matrimonial computers;
While Love, on Fortune's wheel, apace
Plagues mortals with incessant changes,
Gives flying glimpses of his face,
Then presto! pass!—away he ranges.

Their pranks, their squabbles, day by day,
Gave censors a better handle,
Till Jove, impatient of their stay,
And anxious to arrest the scandal,

Bade Fortune—Justice—Love return;
But, to atone for their miscarriage,
Lest men for substitutes should yearn,
He sent them down Luck, Law, and Marriage.

In publishing this piece we must take the liberty of demurring to part of its contents. Lord Byron's are not "home ideas" to any except himself, nor have Mr. Milman's "heroics gained him no glory."

MODERN POETS.

Say, wilt thou write romantic tales like Scott,
With all of fancy's wild magnificence?
Or strike like Campbell, a deep organ-note,
That thrills with rapture every captive sense?
Or fill, like Moore, the songs of ardent passion
With far-fetch'd similes—a strange transgression?

Or wilt thou sit (like an hysterical maid)
Like Wordsworth, weeping o'er a faded daisy?
Or wrap thyself, like Coleridge, in a shade
Of unintelligible thoughts and mazy?
Or wade like Crabbe, through folly, vice, and dirt,
To talk with mortals that have scarce a shirt?

Wilt thou, like Byron, with distorted mind,
Clothe home-ideas like the eastern kings,
And send them back again to dupe the blind,
Who hail them all as new created things?
Or try, like Percy Shelly—very odd!—
To wound the pious, and insult thy God?

Or wilt thou venture, and succeed like Southey,
To pay addresses to the Epic Muse?
Or weave a web of recollections youthful,
As Rogers doth—though not of brightest hues?
Or like Montgomery, with a nameless art,
Pour forth the holiest feelings of the heart?

Wilt thou, like Hunt, twine out a little story
Already told—twine half its charms away?
Like Milman, whose heroics gain no glory,
Write bulky dramas no body can play?
Or versify, as Barry Cornwall doth,
The thoughts of others—soft and soothing both?

Wilt thou, like Hogg (though tinctured with barbarity)
Tell most delightful tales of fairy isles?
Like Bloomfield, who has lost his popularity,
Sing very pleasingly of rural toils?
Or throw, like Wilson, though too fond of dreams,
A light o'er nature which celestial seems?

LIFE AND DEATH.

O fear not thou to die!
Far rather fear to live, for Life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of Death;
But Life! the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

O fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No snares without thy faith to try,
No traitor-heart within:
But fear, oh! rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From Heaven thy heart that wean.

Fear lest, in evil hour,
Thy pure and holy hope, o'ercome
By clouds that in the horizon lower,
Thy spirit feel that gloom,
Which over earth and heaven
The covering throws of fell despair;
And deems itself the unforgiven
Predestined child of care.

O fear not thou to die!
To die, and be that blessed one,
Who, in the bright and beauteous sky,
May feel his conflict done—
Who feels that never more
The tear of grief, of shame shall come
For thousand wanderings from the Power
Who loved, and call'd him home!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

Oh! wo-man, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable, as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
Where pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

PUZZLE II.—Three score (sixty years?)

PUZZLE III.—Foxer.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

If you would do my first with me,
My second I'd ne'er do to you
My whole, dear Sophy, let us see
If we together cannot do;
Though I'll confess it is no fun,
As it can seldom be undone.

II.

Kitty, a fair but froward maid,
Kindled a flame I oft deplore;
The hood-winked boy I called in aid,
Though much of his approach afraid,
So fatal to my suit before.

Obedient to my earnest prayer,
The little urchin came,
From earth I saw him mount in air,
And soon he cleared with dexterous care
The bitter relics of my flame.

How, by what title, or what name,
Shall I this youth address?
Cupid and he are not the same;
That kindles, this puts out the flame;
I'll thank you when you guess.

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